

sold at the period we now deal with. And of course thousands and thousands of readers had been reached by serial publication. Of the circulation of the many translations it is impossible to give even an idea, but some of the English and American volumes had sold by tens of thousands, and there were versions of many of Zola's writings in German, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Hungarian, and other languages. But books, as we know, by no means represented the whole of Zola's work; there were also many scores, if not hundreds, of ephemeral uncollected newspaper articles to be added to them, as well as several plays, so that his output stood at quite five million words. It was evident then that he practised what he preached, — that gospel of work, which others, such as Tolstoi, the prophet of resignation, occasionally derided but which he himself found all-sustaining.

He took it as a part of his text when speaking at a gathering of the Paris Students' Association, over which |
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 he presided that year, 1893,¹ for though the Academy still refused him admittance, some recognition of his labours was coming from other quarters. On the occasion of the National Fête, following the completion of his great series, he was raised from the rank of chevalier to that of officer of the Legion of Honour; and for some years in succession, a very rare occurrence, he was chosen as President de la Société des Gens de Lettres. It was this

circumstance
that caused the English Institute of
Journalists to invite

¹ A translation of the address in question (made by the
present writer) appeared in "The New Review," No. 50, July, 1893, under the
title of "Life and Labour." Besides expounding the gospel of work, Zola
answered the writers of Brunetiere's *coterie* who had started the
nonsensical cry of the
"bankruptcy of Science/'